

1900

THE
RICHARDIAD;
A
SATIRE.

[Price Six-pence.]

THE
KICKAWEAD
A
EYNTA

[This is a specimen.]

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THE
RICHARDIAD.
A
S A T I R E.

Translated from a *Greek Fragment of*
Petronius Arbiter,

K

B Y

THEODORUS GRATIAN.

With Notes *Variorum.*

Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.

Juvenal.



DUBLIN printed: London reprinted for John Warner, near Warwick-Lane, and sold by the Booksellers in Ludgate-Street, at the Royal Exchange, Temple-Bar, and Charing-Cross.

THE
RICHARDIAN
SATIRE

Translated from a Greek Fragment of
Bellonius Adipietus

BY
THEODOORUS GRATIANUS
With Notes Variorum.

London.



DUBLIN printed: by
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THE

RICHARDIAD:

S A T I R E.

(a) SATAN's first-born, vers'd in his parent's skill,

SWith mind corrupt, and vice-infected will,
Hero in rapine, subtle in deceit,

Of evil studious, and in evil great,

(a) This Satire was written in the Reign of *Nero*, a Reign so infamous for its enormous Vices, that it is no Wonder the Muse should dip her Pen in Gall; some Critics have imagin'd the Picture was design'd for *Nero*, but as we find a Parallel made but in one Instance, I imagine the Satyrift lash'd at some Favorite who was

so happy as to excel his Master. *Scriblerus.*

That this is not *Nero*, but one of his Creatures describ'd, a Manuscript that fell into my Hands has convinced me. Whatever of the private History this has informed me, I shall subjoin in the proper Places. *Bavius.*

(b) *Constantly firm, unshaken, still the same.*

Deaf to remorse, and lost to sense of shame,

I sing; fell furies, from your dens below,

Your snaky locks, and hissing horrors show;

And vice, (c) infernal goddess, hither rise,

While thy son's acts the shuddering world surprize;

Attend, while I the various scenes explore,

Tho' born in hell, of ill ye know not more.

In early years, when (d) instinct shew'd the way,

'Ere dawning Reason shied her glimm'ring ray,

'Ere simulation's artful veil began

To cloak his Heart, and hide the real man,

Soon falsehood seiz'd his early-tainted heart,

With her came Fraud, each truth-detesting art;

(b) *Constantly firm.*] Steadiness is the Perfection of Virtue, and the Height of Vice, tho' some have thought it impossible that there could have been such a Character, I only appeal to daily Experience to convince the contrary. *Scriblerus.*

(c) *Infernal Goddess.*] I can't imagine why the Poet should make Vice an infernal Deity, there is not one that shines brighter, or whose Influence is more

universal in the upper World than hers.

Holy.

(d) *Instinct shew'd.*] What Sect of Philosophers our Author was of, I must plainly confess, I know not, nor do I really know of any who leave the Guidance of Childhood to Instinct; for what I know, he might have allowed not a Grain of Reason with great Propriety to such a Brute. *Scriblerus.*

(e) *Falshood, prime minister of Vice,* begins, claim among all
 Opens the path, prepares for greater sins, *beginning b'fore she* **20**
 Pregnant of mischief lurking she'll remain, *and all the world over* *to*
 Till rip'ning time brings forth her horrid train.

* * * *Another instance of the following simile*
Two beauties in a bower (1) abode and dwelt there

(f) In bloom of youth, when most with daring claim,

Pant in the course of honour and of fame,
 Fearless of danger, prodigal of life, **25**
 Impatient rush and court the glorious strife; *and dwelt there (1)*
 Or manly sports, for vigorous prime are found, *and dwelt there*
 To tame the horse, or chace with (g) faithful hound,
 And all the labours of the sunny field, *and dwelt there*
 Brace strong their nerves, and (b) toil with pleasure yield: **30**

(e) *Falshood.*] In the Original *taupeia*, Deceit, Craftiness; by Falshood I fancy the Poet means lying, which generally in evil-disposed Children is the predominant Vice; those, whose Actions have exalted them to the Gallows, generally in their Lamentations own this the grand Foundation to their succeeding Wickedness. *and dwelt there (1) Dr. Winstanly.*

(f) *In bloom.*] Far from shewing an

Emulation among his Equals in their honourable Pursuits, this Youth gave himself up to Debauchery and Riot, to support which he prey'd upon others, and as the Poet handsomely expresses, turn'd a publick Nuisance, a Robber. *Bavus.*

(g) The like expression in *Horace, seu cerva canibus visa fidibus.* *Scriblerus.*

(b) *And Toil.*] *Studio fallentes laborem,* in the same Poet, *and dwelt there (1) Scrib-*

In gen'rous minds, while glow heroick fires,
 Lust join'd with rage his impious frame inspires;
 Oft have the stars his riots view'd by night,
 But hid in shame, and veil'd their modest light,
 Base grov'ling joys he tastes without controul,
 And with his body (i) taints th' afflicted Soul.

(k) With him *Extortion* joins and stalks in arms,
 And lawless *Force* the peaceful World alarms,
 Like some dire monster of infernal brood,
 He joys in slaughter and delights in blood;
 Gladsome as he when *Phœbe* hid her ray,

And darkness lead the strangers steps astray,

Eager of plunder quit his secret nest,

And plunge the murd'ring poignard in his breast;

(i) Taints th' afflicted Soul. So runs
 Line in *Juvenal*. *Atque affigit humi*

divina particulam aura. *Scriblerus.*

(k) I can't but think this Description
 of a bloody, cowardly Villain lively e-

nough, to wait for Darkness to perpetrate his cruel Purpose, and that with Joy bespeak a Mind willing to enter upon any Wickedness, but a weak daftly Resolution.

Dr. *Wistany.*

With

With sons of !Ravage, rapine-loving band, be it not the wickiup 45.

He rag'd unpunish'd thro' the groaning land; said ed; and smil'd.

Like storms by angry Jove on mortals sent, Who calls out (A. P.)

Left tracts of desolation as he went; the streams all dry in which

With treach'rous envy and desp'ititious hate.

pieces of the plot, and take to the edge of the

(1) But *Ate* saw, and bound in iron chain

Th' insulting terrors of the trembling plain ; and shuns (s) 50

the one found, but from a wide

The crimes her Vengeance often seem to evade, but usually men

Deeper it strikes the longer 'tis delay'd.

Then for his fins gap'd wide the op'ning grave,

And nought from death, impending death cou'd save;^{bis a} *W*

Then (m) self-tormented; rack'd with black despair.

Ban thro' his curdling veins a chilling fear, against his will may

(7) Some have taken *Me* to represent Justice, others to be a Fury haunting the Guilty: my Opinion is, that by *me*, which in the Greek signifies a Fault, is meant the Punishment consequent to their Guilt. *Scriblerus.*

This unhappy Youth after a course of Lewdness and Riot, finding he could not long support it, turn'd Robber; after a short Reign, Justice overtook him,

when by an unheard of Perfidy, he evaded the Punishment, by turning it on two of his Accomplices, who, as the History informs me, were his Slaves; whose too strict Obedience to his Service was rewarded by a Death he ought to have preserved them from, much less bring on them. *Bovius.*

How start the wicked from their fate when night !
None but the brave, the good, can dare to die.
He calls on (n) *Perfidy* to lend her aid,
Quick at his call ascends the hell-born maid,
Prepares her Wiles, displays her dark deceit,
Shields off the blow, and turns th' intended fate :
For him, his slaves in torture gasp their breath,
And (o) curse his falsehood 'midst the pangs of death.
Unhappy men ! yours was the impious night,
You stood the danger, but (n) claim'd the spoils,
Your firm attachment to his service true,
Was paid with death, long to his wiles due,
While him for greater evils Fate reserv'd,
You suffer'd torments, which he best deserved.

He is not without his Tormentors, ^{name,}
se quoque fugit; Conscience is never idle,
and is the more terrible, as inseparable,
as ^{is} ~~is~~ of ~~consid~~ O. Brief out *Scrib,*
(n). *He calls on Petfly,* Throughout
this Poem it is observable, that every Vice
is a Personage, this adds to the energy
of the Performance, as it makes it more

Some people have some (1) lively and vivid and Dickensian

(e) My ingenious Friend Colley Cibber, has had an Eye to this, if we can suppose him so much wro'd in the Writings of the Ancients, in introducing his *Rashard*, venting Imprecations with his last Breath. *ad quidam post Dr. Wemyss*

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Ang' , cause the love , (v) the fairer birds to kiss ,
(p) Nor in such breast could tender passion move ,
Or pure affection, or a generous love ?
By interest charm'd, he feigns an hallow'd fire ,
Sighs as in pain, and burns with mock desire ,
With treach'rous tears and deep-infidious art ,
Gains on the nymph, and wins th' unwary heart ;
The (q) paradise of Love, a wretched state
Th' unhappy fair one found, but found too late ;
'Vain deep-fraught sighs express her inward woe ,
'Vain from her eyes her melting sorrows flow ,
'Vain beauty pleads with ev'ry softening charm
To lay his fury, and his rage disarm ;

75

80

To lay his fury, and his rage disarm;

(p) *Nor in such Breath.*] After this piece of compleat Villany, our Hero made his Addresses to a Lady, who unhappily, little suspecting his Treachery, married him, as Interest was his aim, he no sooner possessed himself of her Fortune, but he endeavoured by ill usage to get rid of her; the unhappy Lady after many Years of Pain and Grief, fell

a Victim to his Rage. Bouin.
(7) *The Paradise of Love.* Very fine, if Love has a Paradise 'tis a Fool's one; and I believe it the case of more than this Lady's, to have rais'd in Imagination a pleasant Scene, and have met with Disappointment. Pleasure is always greater in Prospect, than in Enjoyment. Hary.

With impious joy he urges on her fate;

And, 'cause she loves, (r) the tyrant prides to hate:

Drooping at length beneath her load of grief, 85
She sunk in death, and found a late relief;

Thus heedless minds, the hideous fiends decoy,

Insnare with wiles, and tempt but to destroy;

Thus, wretch, (s) fierce Nero, Pattern of thy life,

In raging madness slew a once-lov'd wife; 90

But ev'n in this inferior still to you,

He murder'd one, you strove (t) to murder two.

Oppression and injustice join their force,

Combine their rage and swell his rapid course.

(r) *The Tyrant.*] Nothing can express the savage Cruelty of a Tyrant better than by painting him delighting to secure one whose Beauty and whose Love might and ought to soften him; this devils him of all Humanity, and ranks him with the most Savage Brutes. *Dick.*

(s) *Fierce Nero.*] *Nero* with a kick killed his Wife *Poppaea*, a piece of Cruelty which could not have been equal'd but by putting his Mother to Death. *Scriblerus.*

(t) *To murder two.*] The Original ex-

pressly says he did murder them, *αυτοῖς δὲ* οὐδὲν αὐτοῖς, he depriv'd them both of Life: But as we don't find that the History mentions the Death of both his Wives, the Translator has taken the Liberty to render it that he strove to murder them.

Scriblerus.
After the Death of his first Wife, my Manuscript informs me he married again; nor do I find that he behaved with greater lenity; however, as it makes no mention of her Death, I shall believe the Poet transgres'd on Truth. *Bavius.*

With

With these the wish'd-for (*u*) height of vice he climbs,
 And heaps th' o'erflowing measure of his crimes.
 (*w*) An impious parent, by his lewdness won,
 With unrelenting rage denies his son ;
 An only son far from his care conveys,
 And to his lust the infant boy betrays :
 Oft the blake winds have roar'd around his head,
 And the rough skies their stormy horrors shed,
 His tender limbs have born the winter's snows,
 And felt the flames, where scorching *Sirius* glows ;
 Oft has he known foul hunger's pinching smart,
 While his full grief weigh'd down his drooping heart,
 But innocence and patience leave their skies,
 And to his aid bid (*x*) white-rob'd *Hope* arise,
 Her flatt'ring prospect check his rising tears,
 Allay his grief, and quell his busy fears :

(*u*) *Height.*] How prettily have these lines enlarged on the Motto prefixed by the Translator ; whoever has read my Works may observe a good deal of this Imitation. Dr. *Winstanly.*

(*w*) *An impious Parent.*] This indeed is Wickedness in his most daring Attempts. An elder Brother of our Hero, who by his Birth-right enjoyed the Ho-

nour and Estate the other envy'd, had, after many Years marriage, a Son, but by the Perswasion of a favourite Harlot was induc'd to expose to Want and Ruin his only Child. *Bavius.*

(*x*) *White-rob'd Hope.*] Well may his Hope be clad in white, when grotunded on Innocence. *Hope.*

Even (y) death was mov'd in pity to his woe,
 Rose up in arms, and struck the parent low;
 Now (z) with the cause fled all his cares away,
 And dawning joy shot forth a lively ray;
 Dark gloomy thoughts invade his soul no more,
 And (a) his joys heighten from the ills he bore.

(b) The son of *Vice* now rises up again,
 Designs new mischief, nor designs in vain;
 Boldly, when honour's glitt'ring charms invite,
 He rushes out in arms, and conquers right;
 Nor could the hapless youth resist the blow,
 He dream'd of happiness, and wak'd in woe:
 (c) Thus, when the angry heav'n with roaring sound
 Dissolve in rain, and drown the neither ground,

(y) *Ev'n Death.*] How poetical it is to make the obdurate king of *Terrors*, always mention'd as inexorable, feel *Compassion*! *Scriblerus.*

(z) *With the Cause.*] Sometime after the cruel Parent dyed; and the young wrong'd Boy seem'd to have a Prospect of *Relief*, as it was his right to inherit his Father's Title and Estate, when lo! this usurping Tyrant interven'd, strip'd him of his Right, and made him suffer the rudest effect of unrelenting Violence. *Bavinius.*

(a) *His Joys heighten.*] *Horum meminisse juvabit.* Pain is the Sauce to Pleasure; and we find the greater Relish in it, as we have been longer depriv'd of it; as absence in Lovers always fans the Flame. *Hoey.*

(b) *The Son of Vice.*] Vide the Records of *Belbazar Kapba*, who wrote of those times. *Bavinius.*

(c) *Thus, when the angry.*] This Simele is very well adapted to the Case; the Youth had gone through severe Hardships, had borne a Storm of Affliction. Should

Should chance the sun with watry splendour rise,

The lonely trav'ller hopes for milder skies,

When, lo ! a cloud obscures the day again,

And louder storms rage thro' the smoaking plain.

(d) Banish'd by force, the youth views distant lands,

Sees (e) suns unknown, and *India's* burning sands;

(f) A painful life he wastes in slavish chains,

While in his spoils th' exulting tyrant reigns.

(g) May *Fortitude*, resign'd in ev'ry state,

Support thy soul amidst the frowns of fate,

May *Virtue* round thee spread her guardian wing,

Hard-fated youth, and timely succour bring :

Thy cause with 'venging sword may justice own,

Affert thy right, and strike the tyrant down;

Thy glories brighter from thy wrongs shall wear,

As after storms the smooth'ning skies appear :

tion; the Death of his Father seem'd to flatter him with a little ease, a Promise of Sun-shine, when the Usurper step'd between, blasted his Hopes, and exposed him to greater Calamities. *Scriblerus.*

(d) *Banish'd by force.*] The Usurper having seiz'd the Youth's right, to confirm himself in the Enjoyment of it, seiz'd his Person, and sent him as a Slave to Banishment; 'tis a Wonder, he did not imbrue his Hands in his Blood.

(e) *Suns unknown*] This alludes to an Expression in *Horace*, *Terras also sole calentes.* *Scriblerus.*

(f) Vide the Records of *Bazaar Kapta.* *Bavus.*

(g) How should I have been pleased that the Poet had liv'd to see the Completion of his Wishes: The History acquaints us, that after several Years astonishing Perils and Miseries,

To darkness thus the sparkling diamonds owe
 Their strongest Lustre; and their brightest glow:
 While to thee, tyrant, thy own breast shall tell
 Thy various crimes, (b) and be a racking hell;
 Vain from thy gnawing guilt thou fly'st away, 145
 The horrid scene thy conscience will display.

* * * * *
 When justice for thy crimes to death shall call;
 Contemn'd, abhor'd, unpity'd, thou shalt fall,
 (i) No Friend to thee his last devoirs shall pay,
 No (k) bard shall sing thy elegiack lay.

but for this, and several other particu-
 lars consult *Kappa*.

(b) *And be a racking Hell.*] This alludes
 to a beautiful Sentence in Juvenal, *Prima*
est haec ultio, quod se *Judice nemo nocens*
absolvitur. *Scriblerus.*

(i). *No Friend.*] How melancholy a
 Scene must Death exhibit, when no
 Friend strives to diminish his Terrors; if
 this stands good in the general, how
 much more frightening to the Wicked.

Dr. *Winstanly.*
 (k) *No Bard.*] Various have been the
 Conjectures of the Critics concerning the
 Poet's Meaning in this Place; some have
 taken it to mean nothing but the *Roman*
VALE; others, with more Reason, a

Funeral Ode made by some Friend, some
 of which we find in *Horace*, let the judi-
 cious Reader decide.

(k) I know not if it was customary
 among the *Romans* to have Speeches and
 Ballads at the Execution of their Crimi-
 nals; if it was, I should imagine from the
 foregoing Lines, that he alludes to them.

Dr. *Winstanly.*
 By the many *Hilaris* in this Satire, 'tis
 thought the Poet mention'd many other
 Facts of the same Nature, but from what
 have been related, tho' few, we may venture
 to title his Subject, the completest Hero
 in Wickedness perhaps the World ever
 produced. *Scriblerus.*